

## LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author  
Idah McGlone Gibson

Ruth Gives Consent.

Alice picked up the telephone and called up Ruth. "My dear, I am going home tomorrow," she said, "and I thought perhaps you would like to have me take little Bobby for a visit to his father."

Of course I could not hear what Ruth said at the other end of the line, but I had a pretty clear idea, from what Alice said, that Ruth was making all sorts of excuses in order to keep Bobby at home.

"Now, Ruth, you know it will not be any trouble at all for you to get little Bobby ready. He is always the little of childish perfection and you can send his governess with him if you wish."

After a moment's silence she continued: "Why, of course, I know that Bobby wants his boy for a visit. He wrote to Katherine the other day and asked her to sound you out on the subject. He is just longing to see little Bobby, Ruth, and I think you ought to send him."

There was another long silence and then:

"I thought you were a bigger woman than that," came in tones of remonstrance from Alice. "Can you not realize that however much is made of Bobby by Helen, it will not be quite like his own mother, especially as you have always made yourself so indispensable to your children?"

"I venture to say that poor little Bobby will be very homesick and very glad to see you when he comes back after a week or two."

Another short silence, as though Alice was interested and then she exclaimed:

"Why, of course! He will stay one week, if not two, with his father, and you will get along all right. You will have the other children."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Alice after she had listened for a moment. "I know that you have always been very selfish in regard to your children. But, and I am sure this will do both little Bobby and yourself a great deal of good. You can not always keep your sons tied to your apron strings."

Can't Always Be Tied.

"Of course I am sure he wants him. Do you think that I would take it upon myself to bring little Bobby into Bobby's home unless I was sure they wanted him very much?"

"That's splendid of you, Ruth. I will come over and call for little Bobby."

## Dorothy Dix Talks

HOW TO AVOID BEING A BORE

By DOROTHY DIX, the World's Highest Paid Woman Writer

While listening to the tedious conversation of some dull and stupid individual did you ever experience a chilling of your extremities, accompanied by a sense of feeling at the pit of your stomach, as you suddenly wondered if you were as great a bore to other people as he, or she, is to you?

It is a fearsome thought and one calculated to blanch the cheeks of the boldest, for there is not one of us who, in our secret souls, would not rather be arraigned at the bar of public opinion for any crime, from murder to chicken stealing, rather than to be charged with being a bore.

Moreover, the mischief of the matter is that we can never really be certain whether we are bores or not. We may believe, and trust, and pray that we are not bores, but we can not positively know. We can not make a personal test for we are all spell-binders and fascinating to ourselves.

Now can we accurately gauge our reaction on others because convention has taught us to do the Spartan boy stunt and smile, and smile, and appear diverted while our very vitals are being gnawed by the tedious, and we are suffering incredible agonies of ennui.

We have even been taught to camouflage our sentiments so well that when at last, in answer to our fervent, silent petitions to Heaven for deliverance, the bore finally rises to depart we urge him, or she to stay longer, and to come and repeat the torture.

Therefore, unless people actually yawn in our faces, we have no means of knowing whether they are weary unto death of us, or are hanging enraptured on our words.

This being the case the only safe thing to do is to regard ourselves with suspicion as one who might, could, or would become a bore, and to take every possible precaution against being innocently betrayed into becoming one of these dread scourges of our fellow creatures.

Make Short Visits.

The first, and one of the most important prevention measures to be taken is to make short visits, and to administer our social visits to our friends and acquaintances in broken and homeopathic doses. Perhaps in this one thing is comprised the whole of the law and the prophets as regards not being a bore.

For human nature is so constituted that it can stand almost any affliction for a short time. It is only when the suffering is long drawn out that it breaks down nerves and becomes unendurable.

Hence as long as we stick to the pop-in-and-pop-out method of calling, we need never fear but what we will be welcome guests. The individual everyone dreads to see is he who stays and stays and stays along until you feel like screaming with boredom. Brevity is said to be the soul of wit. It is certainly the secret of popularity, and first aid in the prevention of boredom.

It is literally true that anybody can be entertaining for half an hour, and nobody is brilliant enough to be entertaining for three hours on a stretch. One's own experiences abundantly prove this. Think of how merrily the first part of a dinner party goes, and how dreadfully the last part! Remember how you chattered away at high speed with Jones for the first hour of his visit, and what hard going the second hour was to find something to talk about. Recall how interesting you thought Mrs. Smith was when you first knew her, and how dull you consider her now!

Don't Be Long Winded.

Apply this hardly won information about others to yourself. Don't feed people upon your society, but always

## NURSE WHO WORKED WITH EDITH CAVELL SPENDS FIRST DECORATION DAY IN AMERICA

Real Story of English Martyr Told for First Time in America

BY JACQUELINE VAN TIL, Nurse Companion of Edith Cavell in Belgium.

NEW YORK, May 30.—You in America have a day you call Decoration Day, or Memorial Day, for special remembrance of heroes who died for their country.

On that day my thoughts will be in Belgium—in Brussels where Edith Cavell, English martyr nurse, was killed by the Germans, for aiding her countrymen.

As I look back on the years I spent with Miss Cavell, remember her teachings, her braveness, the suffering, the smiles and tears, the horror of it all, Miss Cavell's work and her death seem like a dream to me. Here in the sunshine and happiness of America I cannot believe it is true. But deep in my heart is an ache that forbids me to forget one moment of it.

Everything in Belgium for me seems to date back to the day when the four long streams of German soldiers poured into Brussels. As the Germans swept forward in their mad rush for Paris they left behind them many wounded soldiers who had fought against them.

Told to Love Country.

It was then an organization was formed by the Princess Leclercq to care for them and try to get them out of the country. Shortly after this Miss Cavell called us together and told us to love our country. That was all.

It was not very long before the first two men who had escaped from the clutches of the Germans came to us. They had with them the passport card which was to identify them to us. They were received in the clinique, cared for, and then taken in by Miss Cavell to a guide, who in turn took them to the border and safety in Holland.

More than 50 times after that was this repeated and more than 400 men were saved by Miss Cavell in this way.

Spies Come to Clinic.

Then came the events that led up to Miss Cavell's arrest and execution. Near the clinique was a cafe where some of the convalescent ones and workers at the clinique used to gather. There must have been overheard by one of the German spies.

Once there came to the clinic a soldier from Poland with the usual passport card. He only stayed one day, but we felt he was not what he said he was. And then another, Gaston Quin, who stayed at the clinique two weeks. He was given the customary escort through Holland, and it was he who later returned to German headquarters and gave the information that led to Miss Cavell's arrest and execution.

Among others with whom Miss Cavell had connection was Monsieur Baucq, a poor man with a family who sometimes gave shelter to those who came to us. On July 12, 1915, the Germans came to the clinique and began to investigate.

And then on Aug. 12 came the fateful day when Miss Cavell was arrested. Two autos and seven Germans came to the clinique and placed her under arrest. As she left, she said:

"Be good and be wise, my children. I shall return."

Even then we had no idea of the seriousness of what was happening, although we felt a great fear when Monsieur Baucq was also arrested. We

know that if we meet they will fix us with their glittering eye while they mander on and on about what wonders their children are, or what a paragon of a car they have got, or what phenomenal sweet peas they have grown, or inflict upon us every detail of whatever business they are in, and what they said to the boss and the boss said to them.

More Interesting.

And while we write in the clutches of such bores we marvel that they do not know how much more wonderful and interesting are our children, and our sweet peas, and our business, and we just wait for a pause in the talk to chip in with our story, and to qualify in the borace.

For it takes great wisdom for us to realize that Smith is more interesting in telling about his forty mile railroad trip to Squandunk than he is in hearing about our trip around the world.

But when we reach the point where we put the lion on our own personal experience, and invite others to tell the stories of their lives, we are past all need or worrying over the danger of being a bore. We have become a listener, and no sympathetic listener was ever a bore. He, or she, is the one absorbingly interesting companion of whose society we never get enough.

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by anyone but myself.

2057 J. H. GALE.



JACQUELINE VAN TIL

"My thoughts will be in Belgium where Edith Cavell was killed."

There was a lapse and we heard no more until Oct. 10, when Miss Cavell, although once we sent flowers and she was allowed to reply to us. The letter was dated Sept. 15, and one paragraph will remain in my mind forever:

"Everywhere in life we learn something new," she said. "And if you were in my place you would realize how precious is liberty and how grateful we should be to have it. But we must all learn patience. It is not enough to be a good nurse, but you should also be Christian women."

Martyr's Last Letter.

Then there was a lapse and we heard no more until Oct. 10, when Miss Cavell, although once we sent flowers and she was allowed to reply to us. The letter was dated Sept. 15, and one paragraph will remain in my mind forever:

"This is a very sad moment for me to write my last goodbye," said the letter. "It makes me think of the 17th of September which had closed my eighth year as the directrice of our little clinique. I was so happy to be called to help in the work. The first of Oct., 1917, we had only four young pupils and now there are many. I believe 50 or 60, counting the trained nurses who have left the clinique."

"A little word yet: Mistrust evil speaking. Because I loved my country with my whole heart I am here. I have seen in the past eight years and now also, many mistakes which could have been avoided. Here and there a whispered word, although uttered without bad intention, has ruined good names, responsibilities and lives."

Powerless to Help.

There was nothing more after that letter, for on Oct. 11 we learned that Nurse Cavell was to be executed. Miss Wilkins, the directrice, who took Miss Cavell's place, fainted when she heard the news. But we were powerless, although we hurried to the cardinal and Brand Whitlock. They,

as the world now knows, were equal to the task and the next morning a frightened, sad little group of nurses went to the prison hoping for a last sight of the one they loved so well. But we had not reckoned on the difference between German and Belgium time and we were too late, although we saw one machine wending its way to the rifle range where the execution was held. I thought I caught a glimpse of Miss Cavell in the auto, but I have never been sure.

We were later told that Miss Cavell was brave to the last and proudly insisted on being executed in the English way, sitting down with her feet tied together so that her position might not be undignified when she fell. And Monsieur Baucq had to watch the execution as he awaited his turn to die.

When we returned to the town we found there the German proclamation telling that the sentence had been executed. It read:

SENTENCED

"Baucq and Cavell have been executed."

And such is the story of Edith Cavell—she who gave her all to save the world from the clutches of German imperialism.

## Sister Mary's Kitchen

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Even the plainest kind of a dessert will be hailed with delight if served with whipped cream.

Whipped cream has a very definite and high food value. It furnishes fat in a form easily digested and unless very much sweetened produces little heat.

In planning a meal reduce the amount of fat in the meat course if whipped cream is to be served with the dessert. Use a simple green salad and let the cream take its full responsibility in the diet.

Menu for Tomorrow.

Breakfast—Uncooked cereal with strawberries, cinnamon, toast, coffee.

Luncheon—Rice and nut roll, health bread, combination salad, tea.

Dinner—Lamb, steaks, mint jelly, baked asparagus, new potatoes, radishes, oranges, strawberries, sponge cake, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

If one bears in mind that graham or cornmeal or any of the coarser milled flours are in themselves a cereal, it just naturally follows that, when there is a cereal for breakfast, toast should be used. The rice and nut roll is most nourishing but a concentrated food, so the health bread supplies the "ballast" and the green salad the minerals and piquancy.

BAKED ASPARAGUS

1 bunch asparagus  
2 tablespoons butter

2 tablespoons flour

1 cup milk  
2 eggs  
Salt  
Paprika

Wash asparagus and cut into half-inch pieces. Cook in boiling salted water till tender. Asparagus is very susceptible to salt, so ½ teaspoon will be enough for one bunch of asparagus.

Melt butter, stir in flour and add milk slowly. Beat eggs and add. Add drained asparagus. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven.

ORANGED STRAWBERRIES

1 quart berries  
½ cup powdered sugar  
2 oranges

Wash and hull berries. Put a layer of berries in a deep dish. Sprinkle with sugar, add another layer of berries and sugar and continue until all is used. Pour over the juice of the oranges. Let stand on ice from one to two hours.

Even philosophers, artists, poets—be their hair ever so long—eat!

MARY.

KEEP CHARGE MODERATE.

Overcharging your battery is as bad as letting it run too low. It overheats, and thus shortens its life. If on a long run and there is danger of overcharging the battery, turn your lights, thus taking the load off the battery.

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